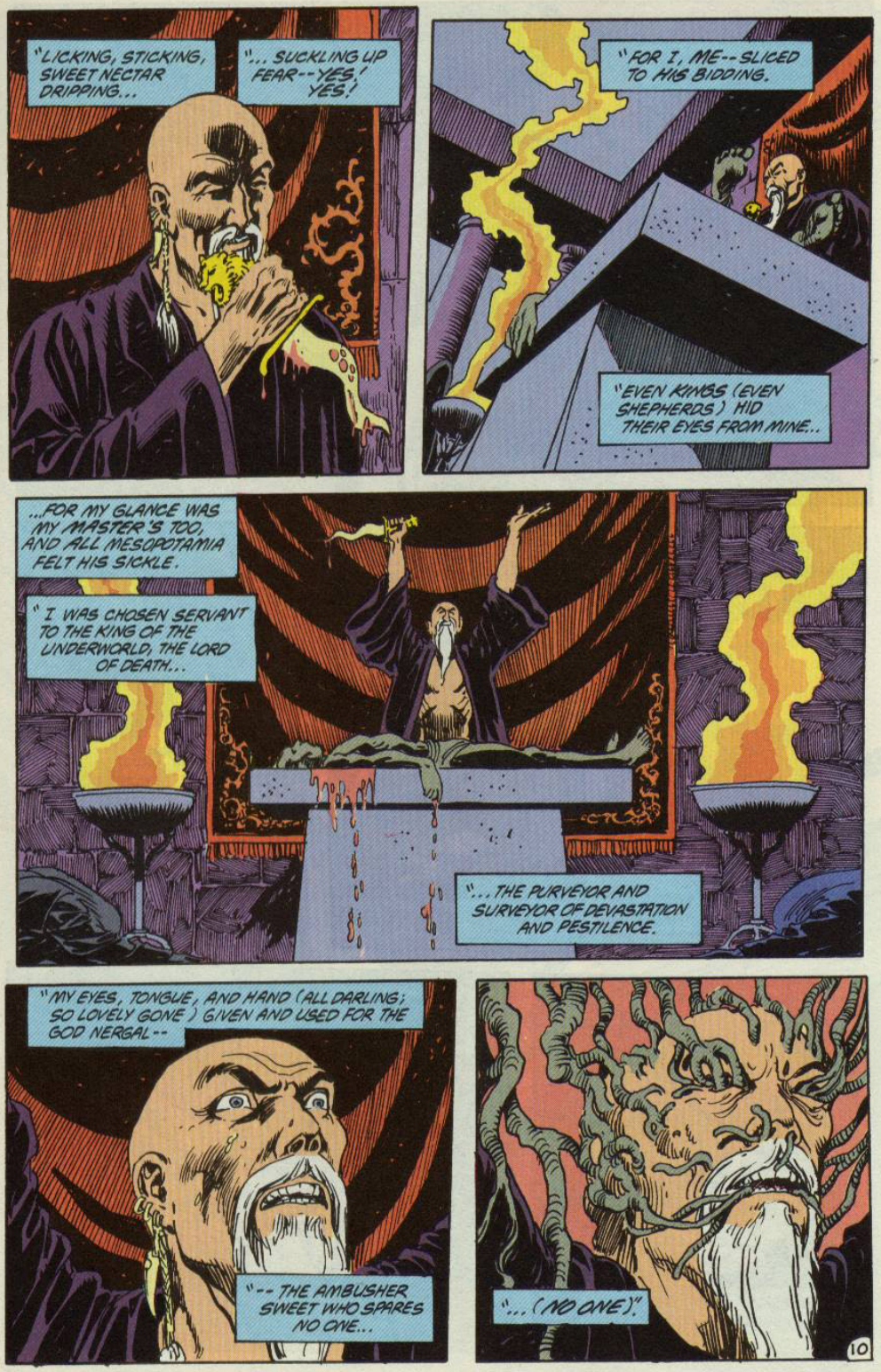
Post-Crisis Earth

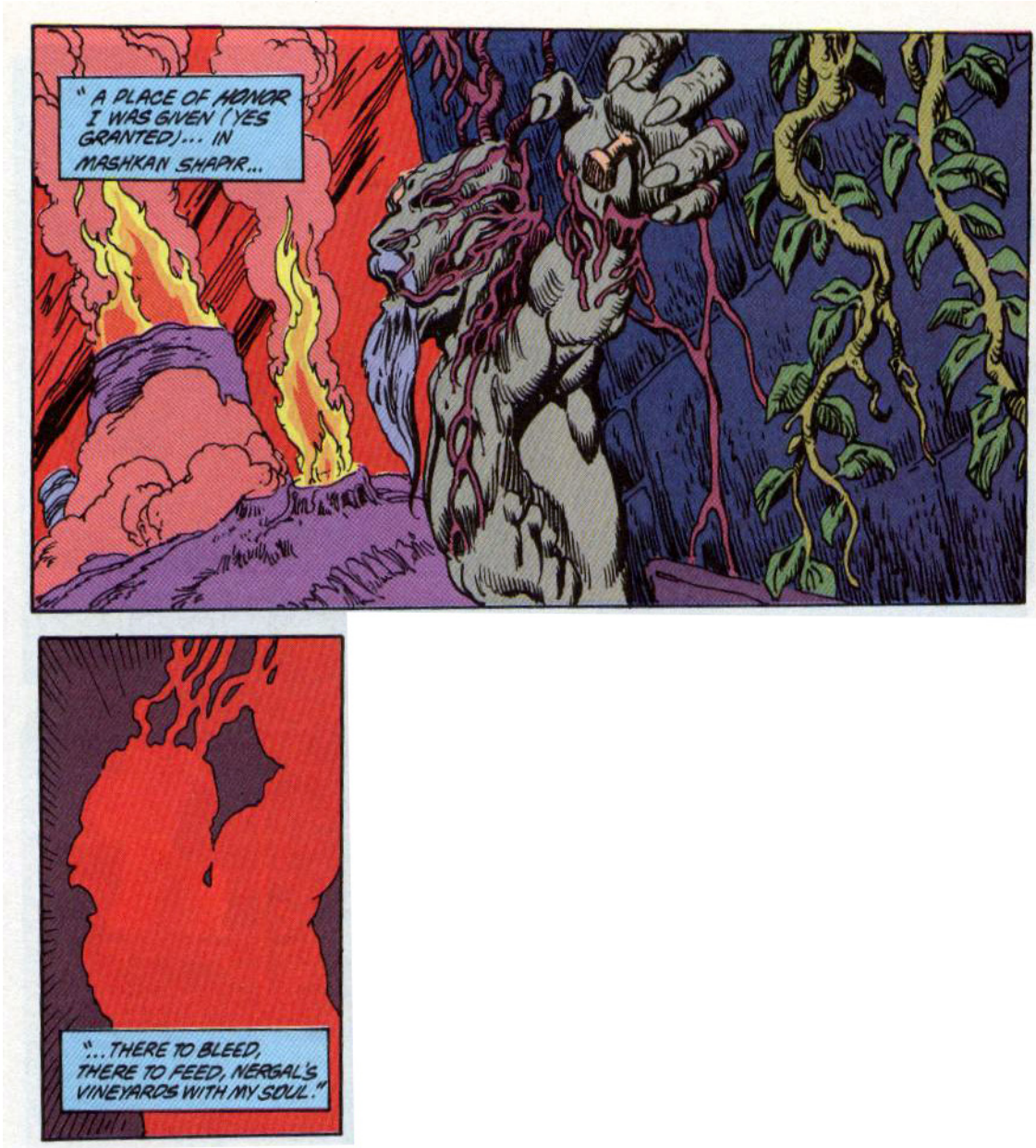
=1894

-1894-06-01

BABYLON

"... STOLEN THROUGH MY LOVELY, LOVELY FINGERS; THEY ONCE TRICKLED BRIGHT POWER.


"LICKING, STICKING, SWEET NECTAR DRIPPING...
"... SUCKLING UP FEAR--YES! YES!
"FOR I, ME--SLICED TO HIS BIDDING.
"EVEN KINGS (EVEN SHEPHERDS) HID THEIR EYES FROM MINE...
...FOR MY GLANCE WAS MY MASTER'S TOO, AND ALL MESOPOTAMIA FELT HIS SICKLE.
"I WAS CHOSEN SERVANT TO THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD, THE LORD OF DEATH...
"...THE PURVEYOR AND SURVEYOR OF DEVASTATION AND PESTILENCE.
"MY EYES, TONGUE, AND HAND (ALL DARLING; SO LOVELY GONE) GIVEN AND USED FOR THE GOD NERGAL--
"-- THE AMBUSHER SWEET WHO SPARES NO ONE...
"...(NO ONE)."


" A PLACE OF HONOR I WAS GIVEN (YES GRANTED)... IN MASHKAN SHAPIR...
"...THERE TO BLEED, THERE TO FEED, NERGAL'S VINEYARDS WITH MY SOUL."